AN AMERICAN BOY.

"YOU say you were born here—that settles the matter;"
Not quite; perhaps much as the marching and noise,
The burning of powder, the din and the clatter
On Fourth of July makes soldiers of boys.

You see, the American standard was set
Quite high at the first, and it's rising still higher;
No American boy is allowed to forget
That he cannot be great through the fame of his sire.

The men who are great on our history's page
That speaks of our work for our first hundred years,
Whose fame is increasing as age after age
Rolls backward, to drown in the gulf of the years,

Are great from the fact that they stood for the right,
Regardless of person, of place, or of pelf;
They battled each evil that rose into sight
For the good of their fellows, forgetful of self.

This is what is expected. You may have been born
In the slums of a city, or far in the West
'Mongst the shimmering plumes of the ripening corn;
Or first saw the light where a king's golden crest

Overshadowed the land; where the poor turned their eyes
From their hovels, far out over mountain and wave,
To the sunset Republic, where liberty's skies
Smiled down on the homes of the free and the brave.

Being born an American, can't be denied,
Gives a man a fair start on the highway of fame,
Or of wealth, or whatever else he may decide
To deserve, to achieve and attach to his name.

But whoever would win must be ready to work;
He must earn and secure before he may enjoy;
In all the wide field there's no sheaf for the shirks—
It means this to be an American boy.

You may not be selected for perilous trips
Over mountains and glaciers, or sail in the van
Of the fleet for entrapping an enemy's ships,
Then take to the waves on a catamaran.

But you must be ready, and stand by your guns,
Wherever you find them, as firm as the earth,
If you would be proved one of Uncle Sam's sons
By lawful adoption or fortunate birth.

Then hold your head high, your eyes on the stars
And stripes of our banner, your hand firm and sure;
You will win, though you carry an enemy's scars—
Like Galahad strong because you are pure.

Stand fast for the right. Look well to your ways;
Build your life of pure gold, with no grain of alloy;
Do your best if you'd win yourself loftiest praise,
And deserve to be called an American boy.

—Margaret Holmes Bates, in S. S. Times.

HOW WE DIDN'T CELEBRATE.

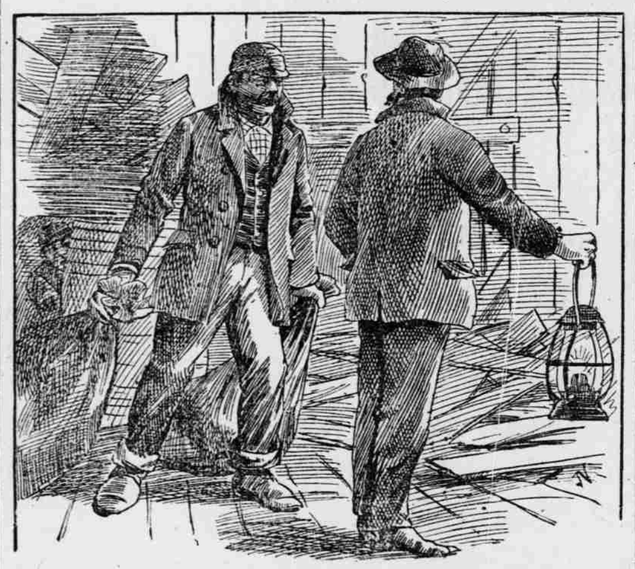
FOURTH OF JULY bade fair to be a dull day. The selectmen of our town had refused to appropriate any money for a celebration, as it had been a very bad financial year, and for the same reason our own pocket money was in very limited sums, and our fathers were loud in the praise of the selectmen for not increasing the taxes for what they felt was a useless waste of money. Had the times been good we knew our parents would have given us a generous supply of pocket money, and that they would have prevailed on the selectmen to give us some kind of celebration.

Thus the matter stood on the second of July, when we boys met in the acorn field to talk the matter over. None of us were disposed to take the same view of the matter as our parents, and we were open to any plan which would celebrate the day in a fitting manner. Plan after plan was proposed, only to be dropped for want of funds to carry it out. Finally one of the boys suggested that it would be a good idea to set fire to the old sawmill. That would make a splendid blaze, and as it was isolated from any other building, there would not be any danger of the fire spreading. The building was very old, and had not been used for many years, although the machinery was still in place. I am sorry to say that the idea was a catchy one, and was adopted by a unanimous vote, and four of us boys were elected a committee to put the matter through. When the committee met to talk the subject over, it was found that I was the only one who was thoroughly familiar with the building, and who therefore knew just where the best places were to fire the old ark, as it was commonly called.

I called the boys' attention to the fact that if we were caught setting fire to the building we would be put in jail, and that if I had anything to do with the thing, all the boys must be bound by cast-iron oath never to breathe a word of the matter. This was agreed to, and the following "oath" was written out and signed by all the boys who were in the secret, ten in number: "We, the undersigned members of the Celebration club, do hereby swear and affirm that we will never reveal any of the doings of this club, or of its various committees, under penalty of having our shoes filled with boiling oil, our ears cut off and our eyes burned out with a red hot wire." This was signed by every member of the club, and was certainly very binding, and horrible enough to suit the fancy of 14-year-old boys. After this was signed the committee appointed me chief of the four, and I arranged to explore the building that night alone, and make my report the next day as to the best places to start the fire. We then planned to set the fire in four places, each of the committee to apply the match just as the clock struck 12 on the night before the Fourth. I was to prepare my plans, and we were to meet at the acorn field at three o'clock on the afternoon of the third and hear my report of the whole plan.

At the age of 14 I think I must have been absolutely without a trace of fear in my make-up, for I never was known to hesitate to go into old buildings or on board old, deserted ships even when they were said to be haunted, in the middle of the night or at any time, and I had never seen anything to cause me to be afraid.

So it was arranged that I should make my plans that night, and I fully determined to do so. About one o'clock the next morning I stole out of the house and made my way to the old sawmill. It was a very dark night, not a star to be seen, and the whole sky hung with black clouds, while occasionally a distant roll of thunder could be heard. I reached the mill without meeting anyone and crawled into a window. In the cellar, where the boiler-room was situated, was an old lantern that I had used many times to explore the dark rooms in the mill, and finding this I was just about to light it when I heard a noise that sounded like some one trying to force open the door where the logs used to be run in to the saw. Putting down my lantern I ran into the room where the door was situated, and sure enough there was a light shining through the



"AIN'T THIS JUST THE PLACE TO HIDE 'EM, JACK?"

crack of the door, showing that there was somebody at work in the old shoot. I ran noiselessly across the room and hid behind some old barrels which were piled up in the farther corner of the room. A moment later the old door swung in and two men came into the room.

"Now, ain't this just the place to hide 'em, Jack?" asked the first man to enter the room.

"Couldn't find a better, Jim," said his companion, looking around.

"Then let's bring the things in. They will be safe here, for I don't believe anyone has been in here for years except me. The place has the name of being haunted, but I guess I'm the only 'haunt' that ever was here," and the man laughed at his own joke, but his companion quickly held up the lantern which he carried, and as it flashed on his own face I could see that he was rather white. He did not say anything, however, and the two men went out, leaving the door open. In a few minutes they came back, bringing each a bag, which they put down in the farther corner of the room and covered with rubbish, with which the floor was covered. Then they started for the door again and the one who answered to the name of Jack said:

"Now we will go back to the boat, float down the river and stay on Crow island all night, and keep in the woods all day. Then to-morrow night at 12 we will come in the big boat and take the swag and by daylight we will be well on towards New York."

"That's the plan, I guess," said Jim, "but I wish we had the big boat up the river now so we could get away to-night. They will be looking for us to-morrow, and we may have some trouble to get away without being seen."

"That's all right," said Jack; "I'm glad we didn't, for they would have seen the boat come in and then if it had gone off the same night they would have mistrusted that she had some connection with the robbery."

"Guess you are right, as usual, Jack, and your plan is the best. When the boat comes up to-morrow they will not of course suspect anything."

"No, that's just it. I have the plans all laid, as I told you before we cracked the crib. Johnson will sail up sometime to-morrow afternoon, go ashore in the city and buy some provisions, give out that he is a fisherman just put in for supplies, and say he will get away early next morning. They will suspect nothing there, and will be watching the depots and roads leading out of the city and this town. No one will think of our coming in a boat, and our leaving this side will throw off every suspicion. I pride myself that this is a well worked up job."

"Right you are, Jack," said Jim, and they went out shutting the door tight after them.

I ran up the stairs and to a window looking out on the water, and watched the boat as it went slowly down the river. I watched about half an hour, then I went downstairs, lighted my lantern, and pulled off the stuff from the bags and took them into the boiler room. On opening them I found them filled with watches, jewelry and silverware. They had evidently been robbing a jewelry store in the city, and after examining some of the boxes I found one with the mark of Paterson & Co., and I knew then that they had robbed the largest jewelry store in the city.

What to do I did not know, but I concluded to hide the stuff where they could not find it and then go home and think it over. I opened the old ash pit under the boiler and put both the bags carefully in the hole, then put out my lantern and went home. I got into the house just as the sun was rising, and I tumbled into bed, but not to sleep till I had thought out a plan of action. After I had made up my mind what to do I went to sleep.

I did not wake up the next morning till mother called me at nine o'clock, and then I made off as if I was mad to think I had slept so long. I tried to eat my breakfast as though nothing had happened, but I was so excited that I could swallow hardly anything. Then I put up a lunch and told mother I would not be back till night. This was nothing new for me, as I was often off all day fishing and gunning. Then I wrote this note to the committee of four:

"Dear Boys: Do not go near the mill if you want to keep out of trouble. The whole thing is off, and I am going to keep out of the way all day. Don't go to my house, and I'd advise you boys not to be seen about the streets. You won't see me till sometime during the day of the Fourth. Don't hold any meeting in the acorn field. See all the boys privately, one by one, and tell them not to be seen together."

I did not sign this, as I meant to give it to one of the boys. Leaving home I soon met one of the committee and I handed him the note, telling him not to read it till he was somewhere where no one could see him. Then I started for the woods. Going through the acorn field I crossed the railroad and went through the woods, coming to the river a mile below the town. Here I found a fellow just going over to the city in a row boat, and I gave him five cents to carry me over.

Once in the city I proceeded to carry out my plan. I went to the chief of police. I was shown into his room at once, but he was busy talking over the robbery with Mr. Paterson, and it was some time before he asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted to see him alone on very important business and he told me he could not see me then, as there had been a big robbery in the city and he was very busy.

"That's just what I wanted to see you about," said I.

"Do you know anything about it?" he asked, in surprise.

"Yes, sir, I do, and if you will listen to me I will tell you where you can find the things that were stolen, and also tell you how you can catch the whole gang. I have got it all planned out."

Both the chief and Mr. Paterson were interested at once, but I refused to speak till Mr. Paterson was out of the way, for I was afraid he would be so anxious to get his things that he would spoil the plan, and after he left the room and I told my story to the chief, he said I was right. He told Mr. Paterson that I had a very important clew, and that he would follow it up at once.

My plan was this: No one was to go near the mill till after dark, when the chief, with four picked men, would go over the bridge in citizens' clothes, each one by himself, and come to my house. Then I was to take them to the mill and we were to hide till the men came for the goods. Then the police were to overpower them. Of course, I did not know whether there would be two or three men there, but I thought the four police would be enough, even if all three came.

The scheme was carried out and we all got to the mill without attracting any attention. The first thing to do was to see if the bags were safe. They were just as I had left them, and then the men were placed in position to watch for the robbers. Of course, the catching of them was planned by the chief, but he asked me what I thought of the plan before he carried it out, and I made one or two suggestions, which he adopted.

About midnight while I was watching at the upper window I saw three men in a boat coming up the river. I immediately ran to the cellar and told the chief. He placed his men at once, and I hid behind the barrels to see the fun. I had a big flash lantern, and I was to turn it on when the men started to remove the rubbish from where they had hidden the bags. Of course, they did not expect anything out of the way, and they all three came in. The two men who were called Jack and Jim came first, and the one whom they referred to as Johnson came last, with a lantern. As the two men leaned over the pile to clear away the rubbish I opened the lantern and the police jumped upon the men and secured them, while the chief put his pistol into the face of Johnson with the remark:

"Throw up your hands, old man, if you don't want this bullet."

He dropped the lantern and put up his hands in a hurry, I can tell you. In less time than it takes me to write it, they were all handcuffed and taken out into the boat. Just as we were about to row off with the men, we saw a light in the cellar and I, with two of the police rushed back just in time to put out a fire that had started from the lantern that Johnson had dropped, and that we had failed to notice as we took the men out.

We made sure there was no more fire and then rowed back to the city. The men were convicted, of course, and I was given a very handsome reward for my part in the discovery.

None of the boys dared to say anything about it for fear the townspeople would find out why I went to the mill, so to this day no one, not even the police, know how I knew about the robbery. We did not have our celebration, but we spent the whole day in the acorn field, talking over the robbery and the fact that I captured the robbers.

One thing more I want to say, and that is that from that time till now I am the greatest coward that ever lived, and no money would ever hire me again to go into any dark place alone. I can't say why, but such is the fact.—Jennie Jameson, in Farm and Home.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Origin of the Flag of the United States—Maker of the First "Old Glory."

On June 14, 1777, the continental congress in session in Independence hall, Philadelphia, passed a resolution declaring that "the flag of the United States be 13 stripes, alternating red and white; that the union be 13 stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The origin of the stars is uncertain. It is said by some to have been due to three stars in Washington's coat-of-arms. More probably it arose from some patriotic speech or poem of the time, in which appeared the very natural comparison of the rising states with the stars of a new constellation.

The story of Betsy Ross has been often told, yet, says the Chicago Standard, it deserves to be remembered, as one of the great services rendered by women to the cause of liberty. The story goes—and it is probably authentic in its main features—that shortly after the passage of the resolution by congress a committee, appointed to attend to the manufacture of flags after the pattern adopted, sought the humble abode of Mrs. John Ross, familiarly known as "Betsy," for that purpose. The house is still standing in Arch street, Philadelphia. Mrs. Ross was flag-maker to the government; and as many important things were done, in those days, in low-ceiled rooms, with rag carpets and humble furniture, the committee, accompanied by Gen. Washington, probably felt no lessening of their dignity in this visit. They explained to "Betsy" the new design, which she readily comprehended, and then left her to her great task. Did Betsy know how great a thing she was making as she stitched the stripes and stars of bunting in their place? Was it just an ordinary job of sewing, or did she have a prophetic glimpse of far distant scenes of triumph where that flag and others like it were to float? Nobody knows. But the flag was soon made, and was hoisted on the flagstaff above old Independence hall. Our national fortunes were made. We had a flag.

The flag with the 13 stripes and the 13 white stars in a circle on a blue field was carried all though the war and for years afterward. When states began to be added to the union, however, the number 13 became less appropriate. It was felt that the new states might regard themselves as slighted if they had no recognition in the national colors. So in 1795 two new stars and stripes were added, for the new states of Vermont and Kentucky; and in following years the same process was continued as the nation grew, until in 1818 the flag had become somewhat distorted. It had 20 stripes as well as 20 stars; and its shape was therefore less graceful. Congress decided, therefore, by resolution approved by President Monroe, April 4, 1818, that the stripes should be reduced to the original 13, while the stars should be increased in number from time to time as new states were added. This arrangement was suggested by Capt. Samuel C. Reid, a veteran of the war of 1812. This flag was first displayed on the capitol at Washington April 13, 1818. The plan has been unchanged since that time, but stars have been rapidly added, until the number is now 45. After the admission of a new state, the addition of the star is made on the following Fourth of July; that is, it is on that day that all the army posts, the government vessels and the public buildings all over the country first hoist the new flag.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

THE MORNING

THE EVENING.

—Adapted from the Puritan.

An Unselfish Nature.

"When I get to be a man," said the boy, who has a good memory for phrases, "I'm going to strive to cultivate an unselfish nature."

"That's right," replied his father. "How are you going about it?"

"Well, in the first place, if I have any little boys, I'll let them shoot their own fireworks, instead of telling them they must let me do it, for fear they will hurt themselves."—Golden Days.

TRUSTS AND FARMERS.

How the Creations of McKinleyism Have Increased Agriculturists' Burdens.

In a speech delivered in the house of representatives on the 2d inst. Congressman Clayton, of Alabama, proved by facts and figures that while trusts have been the beneficiaries of McKinley "prosperity," farmers have been its victims.

The Year Book of the department of agriculture for 1899, which has just been issued, shows that the farm products and farm animals in 1899, although vastly increased in quantity since 1890, had fallen off in value to the extent of $706,900,971. This only counts as farm products corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, potatoes, hay and cotton. If the farm products of 1899 had brought the same prices as did the same products in 1890 they would have brought more than they did by the sum of $2,609,437,584.

The farmers raised 1,013,000,000 more bushels of produce in 1899 than they did in 1890, and yet this produce was worth $205,000,000 less than was the smaller crop of 1890. This only calculates the cereals.

The farmers of the United States are paying more for all they consume than they were when the present administration went into power on March 4, 1897, and have lost during the present administration nearly $2,000,000,000 by the decline in prices of farm products. In this calculation the statistics of 1897, the first year of the present administration, are used.

The wheat in the farmers' hands in 1897 was valued at $428,547,121. The wheat in the farmers' hands in 1899 was valued at $319,545,259. The farmers lost $109,000,000 in the value of wheat alone, and yet the yield of wheat was increased.

The value of the cotton crop in 1897 was $319,000,000, and it had fallen off $14,000,000 the next year, while the crop of 1899 is not yet calculated.

The average price of wheat in 1897 was 80.8 cents a bushel, while in 1899 it was only 58.4 cents a bushel.

These are the figures given by the republican secretary of agriculture, and it cannot be said that they were concocted for a democratic campaign argument.

By the decline in the price of their products the farmers have lost $2,000,000,000 since McKinley's inauguration, while in 1899 alone the prices of trust-purchased fabrics advanced 33 1-3 per cent. Simultaneously with a cheapening of the things he raises to sell, the things the farmer must buy become dearer. In control of both branches of congress and of the executive department, it was within the power of the republican party to lessen the price of trust-made goods by repealing, or authorizing the president to suspend, the duties on similar imported goods. But this power the party did not exercise. It refrained because it wanted the pecuniary support of the trusts in the ensuing campaign, and if it crippled the trusts by withdrawing the protection that sustains them it would not have received it. Rather than injure the trusts, it preferred to inflict injustice upon the farmers, to continue the conditions which while forcing down the things the farmer sells forces up the things he must buy.

Nevertheless, after thus discriminating against him and in favor of the combinations that are dishonestly appropriating the fruits of his labor, the party will have the effrontery to ask the farmer for his vote. The trusts would not support the party if it had legislated in the interests of the soil tillers and against them. Why should the farmer support the party when it has legislated for the trusts and against him? The trusts are prosperous because they act concertedly in rewarding their friends and punishing their enemies. Farmers and others, who, unprotected, must sell their labor or the products of their labor in open competition, can experience prosperity only by emulating the trust example. If they support those who are despoiling them they will be robbed perennially, and deserve to be robbed. They are a tremendous power at the polls. If they vote right the trusts will disappear and the robbery cease.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

——As it stands to-day Mr. McKinley is by act of congress autocrat of Porto Rico and by the inaction of congress absolute despot of the Philippines.—Boston Post.

——We haven't heard about the frauds in the Philippines. The censor still takes care to "let nothing go through that will hurt the administration."—Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.

——President McKinley's hand is to be the one to return the rebel flags that were captured in battle during the civil war. Where is Foraker? Where are the other pot-valiant patriots who denounced Cleveland as a traitor for presuming to suggest such a thing?—Milwaukee Journal.

——The American people will hold Mr. McKinley responsible for the fact that the trusts are now the dominant factor in this government. They are resolved to overcome the trust evil and to punish the party of the trusts. They know that this is imperative if true Americanism is to survive. They know that to control and regulate the trusts they must retire Mr. McKinley from the presidency of the United States.—St. Louis Republic.

——The trust organs of the country are congratulating themselves that democratic opposition to trusts will be crippled by the ice trust corruption in New York city. Fortunately the New York ice trust cuts little ice with the democratic party, except to make it more determined to suppress these evils. The democratic party has its scoundrels, but it does not defend them, and it does not propose to let them control it in regard to trusts.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

——The price of wheat and corn and cotton and other products which the United States exports in large quantities is fixed in the markets of Europe, where McKinley does not rule. American markets are based on Liverpool markets, and the latter are independent of the action of republican legislation. McKinley has no more to do with the high or low price of farm products than he has with the flood or drought or the coming of frost early or late.—Helena Independent.

REPUBLICAN PROMISES.

What the Party in Power Has Failed to Do Since Assuming the Reins of Control.

The columns of the partisan republican press are just now glowing with accounts of the achievements of the first session of the Fifty-sixth congress. The claims made by enthusiastic reviewers are not comparative, but positive, and to the incautious and sympathetic mind they may give the impression that the 150 public bills, more or less, bear some sort of faithful relation to the promises of the republicans as made in the national convention of 1896. In that convention the republicans in stirring language appealed "for the popular and historical justification of their claims to the matchless achievements of 30 years of republican rule," and "earnestly and confidently address themselves to the awakened intelligence, experience and conscience of their countrymen," in communicating certain facts and principles.

Stated briefly, but strictly according to the programme set forth by the republicans four years ago, the party proposed to do the following things, described as "the principles and policies of the republican party." At that time, according to the platform utterances, "by these principles we will abide, and these policies we will put into execution:"

1. Promote protection.
2. Renew and extend reciprocal relations.
3. Protect domestic sugar production.
4. Build up merchant marine by discriminating duties.
5. Maintain sound money and secure free silver by international agreement.
6. Take care of veterans and scold the pension bureau.
7. Consturct an American canal across Nicaragua and protect American interests in Turkey.
8. Restore peace and order to Cuba.
9. Extend the navy.
10. Exclude immigrants who cannot read and write.
11. Extend the civil service.
12. Free ballot to every citizen.
13. Stop lynchings.
14. Establish national board of labor arbitration.
15. Pass a free homesteads bill.
16. Admit territories at early day.
17. Promote temperance and rights of women.

Following this categorica. list of promises it is found that the promises that have been made good are these:

5. Gold standard has been established; free coinage of silver abandoned.
15. A free homesteads bill has been passed.

"By these principles we will abide, and these policies we will put into execution." It has taken nearly four years to put into execution two out of 17 "principles and policies" set forth as distinctly republican in 1896. A pretense has been made of carrying out the professions of support for reciprocity. Another pretense has been made of upbuilding the merchant marine, which the party in congress could not be depended upon to sanction, and which was not the policy proposed by the platform. A bill to authorize the construction of a Nicaragua canal has been passed in the house against the advice of the administration, and has been arrested in the senate through the influence of that administration. American interests in Turkey have been asserted, but not satisfied. The navy has been extended, partly following the plans of the preceding democratic administration and partly under the compulsion of unexpected war. Immigrants come much as they did in 1896. The civil service system has been impaired rather than extended, and the respect for it has visibly diminished here. There has been no extension of a "free ballot." Lynchings have not been stopped. No territories have been admitted. The promise was extensive. The performance is almost as bare as possible.—Schenectady Star.

WHAT THE PEOPLE PAY.

Taxes for the Republican Policy of Imperialism Wrung from Workingmen.

The first session of the Fifty-sixth congress ended with a record for extravagance with the people's money which will not soon be forgotten. The appropriations made at this session aggregate $710,000,000 in round numbers, of which $114,220,095 is for the army and $65,080,916 for the navy. These two items must be credited to our imperial policy. They indicate very plainly what our heavily taxed people may expect in the future if this policy is continued. According to Representative Livingston, no part of the cost of warships recently authorized by congress and estimated at $56,000,000, appears in the total of appropriations made at this session. In addition there is no appropriation for river and harbor improvements, with the exception of a few small items, nor is any provision made for public buildings or for the payment of claims against the government. If the senate had followed the lead of the house and passed the Nicaragua canal bill, with its provision for an expenditure of $141,000,000 for the construction of the canal, and if the usual appropriations for river and harbor improvements, public buildings, and the payment of claims had been made, the total expenditures authorized at this session would have aggregated $879,729,476. It is not surprising, therefore, that, as much as they desired to pass the ship subsidy bill, the republican leaders, after securing a favorable report on it in both houses, postponed final action until the next session of congress. This measure authorizes bounties aggregating $120,000,000. The appropriations at the first session show an increase, as Mr. Livingston points out, "all along the line, while large amounts that must be met have been withheld until the next session." when it is probable the expenditures will be equally extravagant. The republicans are fast reaching the point when a "billion-dollar congress" will be regarded as an economical body, and "billion-and-a-half" statesmen will be the rule, rather than the exception. The people are not likely to overlook the fact that the money which congress is spending with such lavish hand is taken from their pockets by a system of excessive taxation.—Baltimore Sun.

——The rest of the trouble appears to be the inability of the McKinley administration to make head against the spoils system to which it is committed. It is the same trouble that imperialism has had in every instance in the history of the world.—Boston Post.

PITH AND POINT.

Because the wisest men love a little nonsense now and then don't get the idea that everybody does.—Chicago Democrat.

"So Miss Primrose has purchased a kodak?" "Yes; I presume she thinks she can catch a man that way."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The most wretched people in the world are those who, having nothing to do, work themselves to death trying to keep young.—Atchison Globe.

Yorkrode—"I see they have a new cure for rheumatism. They roast the patient." Towson—"My wife must think I have it."—Baltimore American.

A Simp's Plan.—"How do you keep your losses at the races from your guardian?" "Oh," replied the young rake, "I charge them up to running expenses."—Philadelphia North American.

"You," he cried, "are the type of perfect womanhood!" "And you are the type of perfect manhood!" she faltered, shyly. "We are spaced out too much, don't you think?" he whispered. And as he drew her to his bosom, he encountered only the feeblest and most perfunctory resistance.—Detroit Journal.

"We have made a medical discovery at our house," said the North Alabama street philosopher, "and my household will favor an ordinance prohibiting the distribution of patent medicine samples at residences." "Why?" "For the reason that the cook and first girl are kept sick half the time trying these samples."—Indianapolis News.

"What does this nation need?" shouted the impassioned orator. "What does this nation require, if she steps proudly across the Pacific—if she strides boldly across the mighty ocean in her march of trade and freedom? I repeat, what does she need?" "Rubber boots," suggested the grossly materialistic person in a rear seat. — Baltimore American.

BRITISH PATRIOTISM.

It Persists in the Ends of the Earth, in Spite of Time and Distance.

"It has been my fortune, since the beginning of the war, to have moved constantly from country to country. Everywhere in our own colonies, it goes without saying that the one dominant interest proved to be the day's telegrams," says a writer in Cornhill Magazine. "The war and the war news was the loadstone of nearly every man's existence. But far away from English speech, in a desolate port of the western seas, I landed one gleaming tropic morning. There was only a single Englishman in that unwholesome little town, and he had been there for years. He came down to the broken wharf to meet me. 'Got any news of the war?' were his first words; 'I've a bottle of champagne up at the house waiting to be drunk to the first big British victory.'

"And later, again in another port, I came across a quaint and, in its way, a pathetic figure. It was that of an old, old man. Almost all the marks by which you can detect a white man had fallen from him. He was a doctor, he said. His medical equipments consisted of a dictionary and a case of unclean instruments. The tropics had set their mark deeply upon him. His eyes were listless and bleared with ophthalmia, his coat hung away from his little bony shoulders. No mosquito would touch him. Among his fellow men he was something of a laughing stock. He took an embarrassing and peculiar fancy to me, and continually desired me to benefit myself free of all charge of his medical knowledge. 'There's no disease this cursed country grows I can't cure,' he would proclaim in his high pipe; 'if you get ill you come to me, and I'll straighten you out double-quick.' And everyone would callously laugh at him, at which he would waggle his old head and chuckle. Such was the man.

"One evening, however, I went along to that club, with its desolate outlook over the marshy, brackish and unprofitable waste. Coming near, I heard the well known, high, old voice raised in anger. I hurried at the sound, and ran up the steps, for I had grown half to like the disreputable old creature. There he was making a picture I shall never quite forget, with his lean, long-nailed hand raised in a gesture of half-devilish fury above his audience of three fat Frenchmen. 'I tell you,' he screamed, 'that you lie! England has not been defeated neither at the Modder river or elsewhere. You can't beat England!' Then, after a pause, 'I'm a Britisher myself.'

"Wives and maidens, the old people and the children, of such is our great army which does not take the field. Surely they too fight for us. Do you remember how Mrs. Leigh watched Amyas' ship 'fade into the Atlantic mists, perhaps forever, and then bowed her head and returned to loneliness and prayer?' Amyas sailed to gain great colonies for a great queen; those who sail to-day do so to hold them for a greater."

A Trying Occasion.

"You are late, madam."
"You said 11."
"Yes, madam; but yesterday."
"My! how stupid! Did it matter?"
"It always matters with me, madam."
"I am sorry. I beg your pardon."
"It is granted. Slip this off, please."
"The waist first?"
"O, certainly. There. Erect, please."
"How is that?"
"Better. Emilie, the pins."
"I'm sorry, now, you didn't let me have the other material. This looks—"
"Tut, madam. This will be perfect when it is completed."
"But—"
"You must allow me to be the judge, madam. Your elbow, please."
"The sleeve seems awkward."
"You do not know. Wait."
"Can I stand that so tight around my neck?"
"Certainly, madam. It is necessary."
"I am afraid that color—"
"Madam, you do not know. I am the judge."
"I think I am about to faint."
"How dare you, madam? Don't you see that I am in a hurry?"—Smart Set.

Matched.

"Do you wear eyeglasses because you think you look better with them?" asked Miss Pert.

"I wear them because I know I look better with them," answered the short-sighted man, sadly. — Harlem Life.